NOTES FROM LONDON.

WHO IS "G. ! "-THE LACROSSE DINNER-A THEATRICAL SUPPER.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

LONDON, June 10.

One of the letters of the alphabet has all at once become an object of interest. The conundrum which everybody now asks everybody else is "Who is G.?" He wrote an article in The Fortnightly Review, and he was supposed by The Times to be Mr. Gladstone But he is not. The article is a dissertation on "England's Foreign Policy," and on the day of its appearance the "leading journal" reprinted most of it, discussed it at length and attributed it to the Prime Minister. This was on Saturday. On Monday one of Mr. Gladstone's private secretaries sent a note to the editor to assure him, with Mr. Gladstone's compliments, that he had no connection with the article, nor any knowledge of its existence except from The Times itself. This blow the Thunderer received with meek silence. What else could it

Then all sorts of theories were started. Lord Granville was named only to be put aside, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Mr. Escott is understood to declare that the article is not merely, as one paper calls it, a clever ruse, but really from the pen of a leading statesman. It does, however, contain passages which appear to be in imitation of Mr. Gladstone's style, or one of his styles. On the other hand, it is written with a kind of reserve and in a tone of authority to which no novice in political discussion would be likely to attain.

Nor did Mr. Gladstone's denial extinguish the curiosity first excited by the article. It had already become known on the Continent, and it con tinued for days to be talked of and written about. In Berlin, where Mr. Gladstone is not popular, politicians insisted that it must have been suggested or inspired by Mr. Gladstone in order to calumniate Prince Bismarck and Germany in general. Indeed, here in England, one reason for the common belief that the Prime Minister wrote the paper was the animosity it displayed toward the German Chancellor, . Mr. Gladstone's friends were not misled, because they knew that on other points the writer's opinions are opposed to his. The article censures the Crimean War. Mr. Gladstone to this day maintains that it was a just and necessary war. The article is strongly pro-Russian. Mr. Gladstone is not, though it has always suited the Jingoes to say he is. Now that the controversy is dying away the only thing we need add is that it has given The Fortnightly Review a world wide abvertisement, and has slightly discredited The Times. I hear that the Editor of The Times was absent when the publication took place. A subordinate was responsible for the mistake, nor is he much blamed for it, since the authority on which the article was ascribed to Mr. Gladstone was so direct as to justify, and more than justify, the credence given to the story.

No doubt you will hear from your special correspondent an account of the dinner offered by Mr. W. I. Schenck, of New-York, to the American Lacrosse Amateurs. But perhaps I may add a word or two for my own pleasure, if not for yours. In the long and severe course of public or semi-public dinners I have attended in England, there have been a few which were really pleasant. This Lacrosse banquet was one of them. It was not too large, nor too ambitious. The nobility and gentry of this country were, for the most part, conspicuous by their absence. There is not much good in asking people to anything in London during Ascot week-people, at any rate who are interested in sport. Racing swallows up all the lesser and better diversions. Two or three English gentlemen known in America would have been welcome if their Ascot engagements had allowed them to be present. But if I may parody Mr. Chamberlain's remark about royalties at Bir mingham on one occasion, they were not missed. The American Minister presided. Canada, as the

mother or foster-mother of Lacrosse, sent her Lord High Commissioner, Sir Charles Tupper, and her Minister of Finance, Sir Leonard Tilley, to see that America did not take too much credit to herself for her children's performances. Dr. W. H. Russell was one of the few Englishmen present. Mr. Forbes was at the last moment prevented from coming. Mr. Henry White, of the American Legation ; Mr. Merritt, Consul General of the United States; Colonel Shaw, our Consul at Manchester; Mr. James Maclean, Mr. Taber and Mr. D. D. Lloyd were among the guests. In all we were about forty, and filled a large room in the Hotel Continental, decorated for asion with English and American flags and with the mysterious instruments or implements used in the game-so mysterious that Mr. Lowell declared he took them for snow-shows. The most pleasant features of all were those which belonged to the twenty or more young Americans who compose the team, and who looked in the perfection of Mr. Lowell touched the true note of such a gath-

ering in his first words and kept it through a succession of brief and charming little speeches. toast to Mr. Schenck and the lacrosse players brought out a capital answer from Mr. Baich, as did that to the English players from Colonel Shaw, who is president of the North of England Lacrosse Association, and the toast to Canada from her High Commissioner. A toast to Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New-York, to whose liberality the American players acknowledge themselves deeply indebted, was received with deserved enthusiasm by the company. The boys were then sent home. They had their match to play next afternoon against All England (which they won handsomely), and late hours were sternly forbidden to them. They must have grieved over this Spartan rule when they heard that Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole and Mr. Henry James appeared on the scene not long after they had left. This event gave a new beginning to the evening. Mr. Lowell resumed the post of authority he had quitted, and proposed successively the healths of Mr. Toole and of Mr. Irving. Mr. Toole in answer took up the tragic tone. He was himself a lacrosse player, he told us, had played in Canada, and nothing but jealousy prevented his recognition as champion. He underst od the Amerscan boys had been beating the English all along the line, but it was obvious that if he, Toole, had been accorded his rightful place at the head of the English team, their disasters would have been turned into triumphs. And so on for five minutes amid roars of laughter. Mr. Irving is always, I think, to be heard at his best when he speaks without notice, as he now did, with a fluent ease, and happiness of phrase, and right feeling, which delighted his hearers young and-no, not old, middleaged. I do not wish it mentioned in public if I add that, under the irresistible influence of these latest comers, the festivities went on tall four in the morning; both Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole speaking pieces, as we used to say in New-England. Let it be said to the credit of the English, that

they frankly concede not only the superiority of the American lacrosse players, but also the decisive character of these present contests. A society journal may be heard grumbling about the season and the want of condition of the English players. But that is nothing. The papers which are recognized authorities in such matters take no part in the effort to belittle the American success. They admit that the Euglish are beaten because the Americans are their superiors. The Americans, on the other hand, tell me that, successful as they have been, they never had to work so hard for their victories.

As I have begun writing about social matters, I will add that Mr. Toole gave a supper on Saturday evening at his theatre, which may be described as a welcome to Mr. Irving and a farewell to Mr. Lawrence Barrett, both of whom were present. Most of the other guests were actors or managers, or both, with a few celebrities in different walks of life. It is, perhaps, one more indication of the increasing prestige of the theatre that this interesting festivalinteresting, but without pretence of any kind-has a paragraph to itself in the leading journal. Of formality or ceremony there was none. The regulation toasts were omitted, and in their Mr. Tools asked his friends to drink the health of Mr. Irving and Mr Lawrence Barrett. The latter, being indisposed, said but a few words. Mr. Irving spoke for ten or fifteen minutes, and told a story of Mr. Toole which will some day, perhaps, contribute to a future

volume of "Impressions." The friendship between the two is well known to all who know either. A prettier illustration of it might be sought in vain. described with a mingling of humor and feeling the ish silversmith, costing originally £500. How it passed out of the family and came to be sold I know not; but what we are allowed to know is that Mr. Toole, having induced the dealer who had promised Mr. Irving the refusal of this relie to break his word, became its possessor. He then contrived to make Mr. Irving understand that the object he wished to buy was his already. After which, talking and smoking continued till an hour when the ritualistic Sabbatarian was at matins.

Colonel John Hay sails on Thursday in the White Star steamship Britannic for New-York, after a short, much too short, visit in London. His friends have used every means short of personal violence or an application to the police to induce him to stay, but he will not. I think I may say that his health is rather better than when he left home.

AMERICAN-ENGLISH.

A SOFT ANSWER TO A WRATHFUL ENG-LISHMAN.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. London, June 13.
In his "Echoes of the Week" ending June 7, Mr. George Augustus Sala entreated the forbearance of his readers while in a few paragraphs he endeavored to "give fits to an imperfectly informed person writing over the signature of G.W. S. in THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE." This imperfectly informed person, it appears, had devoted a whole column to the presumptuous task of trying to disprove what Mr. George Augustus Sala had " stated " with reference to the words "mail-route," "frock," "gown," and "dress." After himself devoting a whole column to an inconsiderable part of this grave subect, Mr. Sala discovered that although what I had to say was mainly leather and prunella, he had not space that week to "demolish" me "in detail," and so " postponed the grateful task until next week."

Need I say in what misery of agonizing expectaion I have lived during these seven days ! Damocles had a merry life of it compared with mine Over him the sword was suspended but by a hair, yet the hair might not break; while in my case a week was the utmost I could hope for before the dread instrument which we know on Lord Lytton's authority to be mightier than the mere sword should transfix me. What sleepless nights have I not spent-last night above all, when hour by hour I endured the slow torture which sapped the soul of that condemned one of whose last days Victor Hugo nas drawn a Dantean picture. This morning-it is fitly a Friday, the day when Sala's echoes are let loose on the world—the paper came. I clutched the sheet. I tore it open. I scanned the page. Not a word on G. W. S. Nothing about freek or gown. For a moment I breathed treely. Life for that brief space again seemed tolerable and even precious. I on my miserable existence. Pity, contemptuous, no loubt, but still pity, had filled the executioner's heart. In another moment it flashed upon me that this is not freedom; it is only respite. Had it been mercy which stayed his hand, surely he would have signified as much. He would have devoted, not permaps a whole column, but a line, to the announcement that sentence was remitted. There is not a of cruelty which I really do not think I have deserved, my punishment is merely put off for another week. Whether Mr. Sala found his rack rusty and his thumb-screws out of order I don't know. Possibly he discovered that the fabric he was so ready to nolish is more solid than he thought. Possibly the dynamite was duly laid in the area but the clockwork stopped. Be the cause of his hesitation what it may, I have but a slender hope of escaping in the end the doom so solemnly foretold. Knowing it to be certain, believing it to be near, I will use the few last gasps of failing breath as best I may. point or perhaps two, I was in fact demolished last week, and not only demolished but so demoralized that I then made no effort to pratest. I thought it better to let Mr. Sala forge and launch the whole of his thunderbolts (I hope he does not claim a monopoly in mixed metaphors) before I proclaimed the lightning rod. But now that he holds his last

Mr. Sala declared that the English language knows no such term as mail-route. I ventured to point out that it was to be found in the Imperial Dictionary. Mr. Sala meets this by giving allist of dictionaries in which it is not to be found, and unhesitatingly repeats" that it is not English. This is a Joe Miller of the most venerable antiquity. An unimpeachable witness swears he saw the acused commit the act. Counsel for the prisoner thereupon puts three witnesses on the stand (this phrase, my dear Mr. Sala, is American) who swear hey did not see him. But this ingenious procedure does not always secure an acquittal. Mr. Sala's learning is perhaps more copious than accurate. He argues, in substance, that the word is a recent innovation and that its presence in the Imperial Dictionary is due to the competition of modern compilers, forced to "inflate" their works in order to keep pace with rival lexicographers. He admits, therefore, with smiling candor, that mail-route does make its appearance in the 1880 edition of Webster, edited by Goodrich, Porter and Mahn, and two years afterward mail-route found its way into Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary edited by Annandale." Would it surprise Mr. Sala to hear that the edition of Webster to which he refers was published in

batch suspended in mid-air, I seize the opportunity

to say a word.

IMr. Sala says mail-route is wholly superfluous because Her Majesty's inland mails were formerly conveyed by road but are now conveyed by rail. This argument would prove at most, not that mail-route had never been English but that it had ceased to be a term of current speech. The English language existed before railways had been made, and even before Mr. Sala and The Daily Telegraph had taught the world how it should not be written. But would it surprise him to be told that many of Her Majesty's mails are still conveyed by road? Would not "a very small amount of reflection suffice to convince an intelligent person that "there are hundreds of post-offices in Great Britain where there is no railway? Does Mr. Sala suppose that people living in towns approached by no railway are without benefit of post office, and never receive letters, or newspapers, or Echoes? And might not a route by which letters were carried to these places be 'legitimately" called a mail-route? But not to press the point, let it suffice to say that Webster's Dictionary (with the added authority of Dr. Goodrich, President Porter and Dr. Mahn and the Imperial Dictionary say mail-route is an English word. Mr. Sala says it is not. The public is at per-

feet liberty to choose between them.

The word "dress" is to be dealt with fully by Mr. Sala, I suppose, when he fulfils his promise of demolishing me. He indulged himself, however, in a parenthetical exegesis of it last week. I had said that twenty years ago dress, in the sense of gown, would have been likely to stamp the person using it as an American. "Dress an Americanism! Blame my cats!" cries Mr. Sala, and proceeds to quote half dozen examples of its use in books relating to fashion published somewhere from 1799 to 1823. He forgets that the whole of this momentous controversy turns on the colloquial use of English. When I suggest that dress was not colloquial English twenty years ago, it is not to the point to reply that it occurs in books, and in books printed sixty years before that time.

And now, my dear Sala (pardon me if I employ in print the familiarity you permit in private intercourse), having disposed for the moment of these philological problems, let us come to another matter. I quoted in the beginning of this letter one of the amenities to my address with which you have besprinkled your discourse. There are others equally worth quoting, and though it is painful to me to make my readers acquainted, with observa-

tions so disparaging to me, I am constrained to relie not only as " an imperfectly informed person," I must content myself with saying that Mr. Irving | but as "an ingenuous creature" and as "this socialistic person from New-England." There are manœuvre by which Mr. Toole contrived to antici- other little sneers which, being inwoven, so to pate him in the purchase of an interesting relic speak, in the text of your dissertation, require too of the late John Kemble, being the memorial much space to exhibit. In view of them all, a word given to that actor on his retirement from the or two may be useful to you as a lesson, I do not stage; a very substantial performance of the Brit-ish silversmith, costing originally £500. How it understand, my dear Sala, that these gibes are not worthy of you. Anybody can say such things. They are as nackneyed as they are unprovoked. You can do far better things both in controversy and, were there occasion, in mere personalities and impertinences. Any one who did not know that our relations are sthose of friendly acquaintance, complicated on my side with humble admiration of your genrus, might suppose that such splenetic phrases were mere proofs of irritation at seeing your dicta challenged, or that they spring from some personal animosity,-that you had some private grudge to feed. This I am sure is not so .- I should be distressed to believe it .- but you see what comes of the oo careless effusiver as of your Muse.

I, for my part, wish to see you at your best. You have very considerable, I might say brilliant, natural gifts. You have too long devoted them, and the contents of those commonplace books which you compile with unwearied industry, to the discussion of trivialities. Abandon them, I entreat you. Put your Lemprière (which you seem still to regard as a classical authority) and your various knowledge to better use. Some of your friends sometimes fondly speak of you as the first of living English journalists. Prove that they are right. Take charge of The Times. Use that full-bodied gayety of the Engthe cider-cellur which an earlier eulogist justly claimed for you, in the elucidation of the great social and political problems which lie ready to the pen of every serious journalist. Your best qualities are thrown away in trying to persuade your readers that Groller was a bookbinder, or in genial panegyric on advertising tradesmen. Above all, be exact. Study the elegancies of debate. You have a conversational knowledge of several languages, English included. But if you content yourself in print with invective wanting alike in reserve and in refinement, you give your enemies, if you have any, a chance to remark that the language you really know best is that of Bohemia. G. W. S.

CŒUR D'ALENE SILVER. STRUCK AT LAST ON EAGLE CREEK.

A FORLORN HOPE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS IN

WINTRY WILDERNESS. [FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDED OF THE TRIBUNE.] IN CAMP IN THE COURD'ALENES, June 16 .-The long gap which has thrust itself into my correspond-ence has been necessitated by the fact that I have for ome time been hopelessly out of reach of any means for the conveyance of letters. I have been prospectingprospecting for quartz. The party of which I was one onsisted of five individuals, three of whom were old prospectors; and the country through which we have een wandering was chosen as being the least explored and most nearly inaccessible portion of the whole district. Indeed, when we started up what is known as Eagle Creek, so little explored had it been that so far we know no white man had been there before us. It was not "demolished." I was to be allowed to drag | took five days to make our way nine miles up the creek, and in all that time we saw not a footmark on the leve snow save the track of an occasional deer or bear, and no sign of habitation beyond the beaver-dams across the stream. Day after day there was nothing but the deep snow and the still twilight of the thick pine for ests. All day long we had to push our way times to our arm-pits, and sometimes (when we fell) over our heads and ears. It was more wading than walking line, and I know only too well that by a refinement and our progress was dishearteningly slow. At night we shovelled out the snow for a space large enough to light a fire in and to give us room to curl up in our

blankets and ge to sleep.

But what of the mines we were looking for † Did we find no boulders streaked with gold-not even the least bit of a nugget-all this time ! No; this country is not ostentations of its gold. There is none of the bad taste o the surface of the snow studded with twenty-dollar pieces, nor did the pine trees deck themselves out fi golden fliagree. But something we did find. then along the creek lay boulders-lumps of "float" he few last gasps of failing breath as best I may.

For it is only fair to confess to you that, on one ently; very slimy and smooth from the action of the water, and all overgrown with moss and weeds. But the old prospectors in the party were immensely interested in these everyday-looking boulders. So we would take i in turns to go up to our knees in the freezing water to pull them up on the bank. Then what a rubbing off of moss there was! What a chipping and hammering at it with picks and things! What a jostling for the fragments them, through magnifying glasses! Many of these pleor of float were quartzite (blue or red), many of them, however, were good white quartz with now and then a trace nine miles up the creek-a boulder was split open and one novice. "Gold!" echoed the other "Tellurium!" said one old prospector, scarcely less excitedly; but the other " Yellow chlorides of silver," and yellow chlorides of silver we were content to let it be.

One float-boulder is not a mine, however. The next thing was to find the ledge from which this fragment 'dire" and "formations" and ledges, it was that it ought to be somewhere up the hill on the right ank of the creek. If there was anything to choose between them, the right-hand bill seemed slightly the worse of the two; so steep that it looked as if one of th tail pine trees away up there at the top would fall, if it should fall, straight down into our camp below, while for a hundred fect or so above and below our camp the front o up which it was almost impossible to climb. just eight days in that camp-a mere ten-foot bole du n the snow and half roofed over with split pine shingles or " shakes."-making short excursions every day up the hill-side, wading and scrambling and tumbling for h through the deep snow, and coming home at dusk to sit round the fire and compare the fragments of manycolored rocks in our pockets and tell of the deer-tracks listen to the blood-curdling bear we had seen and to stories and shooting parns of the old hands. In all that time out of all the many pockets-full of rocks brought into camp not one gave any token of coming from ledge

that was worth locating. The ninth day was the worst and stormless we have seen. The wind whistled up the gulch drowning even the clamor of the creek; it roured through the branches of the pines, and now and then the crash of a failing tree would sound through the valley above the storm. The air was full of drifting snow, and now and again a little avalanche would broak through the open part of our filmsy roof and half put out the fire. No prospecting to-day," we all agreed at breakfast; but about the middle of the morning there came a luli in the storm, and suddenly "chip! chip! chip!" we all heard distinctly the sound of a hammer away up on the rocks above us. "See here!" said one of the old prospectors ("the doctor," we called him,) "that man's not half a mile away. He ain't going to get on to this ledge before us; and if it's fine enough for him to be out to-day it's fine enough for me. So here goes"; and off he clambered out into the snow and the re-awaken ing storm, followed by one of the novices. ok the old man two hours to get up a few hund to a kind of chimney of rock he had noticed the

and through the storm behind him dimly showe the least three of the novice, all agril. Grasped in both his hands the old prospector clutched his hat, which was bulged out and angular with the rosks with which it was crammed. Rocks, too, were in all his pockets, and these he slowly proceeded to turn out on the floor in grim stience. We picked them up, one by one, and as through each was seen the bright green-yellow streak, we sliently shook hands all round, first with the old prospector—who had not said a word—and then with each other.

From that day the snow began to vanish, and as the ground cleared were able to trace the ledge away up to the hill above us and down across the creek below. After the orthodor 1,500 feet had been measured out for the original claim, there still remained enough for an "extension" on either side. That on the lower side, which is now seen to run almost under our camp, was left to the mercy of your correspondent for its christening, and has been located now some weeks under the name of The Thibune. So there is a little of the good olatment left at the bottom of the put after all; for "the yellow chlorides up on Eagle" are now woll known and much respected in camp. But even with the consoling knowledge that the trip was not entirely without fruit, the memory of those weeks is only indifferently mitthful, and the next time I go on a piente for pleasure it will not be in the Cour d'Alene meuntains when the

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Charles Losekam and the brother of Mr. James Breslin, two hotel men, called on Governor Cleveland last Tuesday at Albany. He was in high spirits, showed a large mail, read letters from the South promising support, and gave them a glass of old brandy. Mr. Spragae, of the St. James Hotel, says Cleveland was his lawyer in Buffalo fifteen years ago.

Mr. John M. Laird, Editor since 1832-a term of fiftytwo years-of The Greensburg (l'enn.) Argus, tells me he wants the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks. Randall, he says, took part in " counting in " Haves and Wheeler and won't do. Hendricks is a native of that old Scotch-Irish region southeast of Pittsburg. The elephant at Coney Island is not yet finished and

ooks like a big round arbor of laths with a castle or

cupola on its back. A large bathing pavilion has been

put up west of the Brighton Hotel, completely shutting off the view of the ocean from that point. John Norton, of St. Louis, who has the two chief theatres there, is in this city, and has secured the lease of the new Chicago Opera House, which makes him the leading manager in the West if not in the country. He was porn in New-York and is still a young man. Not long

Judge "Tim " Campbell is one of the best-known char ecters in New-York. I asked Civil Judge Kelly why Campbell kept his power. "Because," was the reply. he has made himself a slave to the poor people on his side of the town, to find them offices and employment. His word is considered good as his bond. He began life a etter, but has never ceased to regret his want of a

ago he played the leading part in "The Remany Rye" in

Charles Ransom is the proprietor of the new club-house behind the Ocean Hotel, Long Branch. The chief gaming room is enormously high and is lined with mahogany plored white wood, and a long row of poker-rooms is ip-stairs. Poker is supplanting fare; the cards are charged for and the cigars and drinks are furnished at a big profit, so that a party of four will spend \$25 to the nouse for an evening's seance. The old north wing of the Ocean House is to be rebuilt. Close by it a large new hotel called the Sherburne has been opened, with shops underneath, on the property once owned by H. T. Helm-

good education."

Mr. Murod, the druggist, opened a branch store at the West End settlement, Long Branch, several years ago The first year he cleared only \$55. The united profits for two years were only \$300, work thrown in. But now the business takes several clerks and occupies a store at city

Mrs. Connolly, the dressmaker, owns a parcel of the ew cottages near Elberon, Long Branch, and rents them furnished.

The opposition to Mr. Blaine is becoming so feeble that its abettors tremble to find on what slender foundations they have built their glass cathedral. In the first place they find they have no men of public or National mark. They are trying to make of a rustic, sheriff, not above standing on the scaffold and hanging criminals for fees, a President of the United States.

Reminded of this extraordinary picture for a Presidential sentiment, confusion has seized the whiftets who have so long waited to present us with a President whom they might direct. They look Westward, and they see nothing but poor old McDonald, whom they have so often usulted. Human nature shrinks to remember the insults hey have heaped on that mild, Pickwickian old gentleman. Because he married a handsome and gentle lady much younger than himself they threatened him with the anathemas of the Catholic Church. Not even domesc love and repose are respected by these re tormers, who believe they have defeated Folger and created a vast new sentiment among the Amercan people. This country would not be worth inhabiting under such direction as they might bring, and the flery contest which is ever liable to arise with a great Nation they would not find holes enough to run nto. The United States like any strong personality is ever liable to be insulted and to require the show of chiv airy from its President. With Cleveland in the White House we could hardly hang a deserter from our side un Payne and Tilden are worn out in the wretched cause of waiting for progress to become limp and to stop. Thurman, entrapped in the casuistries of his party, hardly respects himself, fine old Senatorial rhetorician as he is. The Democratic party long ago adopted the tactics of those New-England Republicans who hold that a man of ositive force was to be a dangerous President. Theretore they look to the left and the right and they are out of heroes, and like the shadow of the Brocken stands above them Blaine.

apology really was in the air. The ghost of Garfield was abroad and beat the State ticket which appeared to have he indersement of the Government at Washingon. I this Government at Washingon should find itself suffer what Garfield did, it would in turn have such sympathics as would entitle its apparent opponents to dislike. Mr. French is working cordially for Mr. Blaine and the whole Republican phalaux in this State is getting into drill and struggle which will notify the resistants to rogress that they must cultivate public men through a ng period of years in order to make them eligible for the Presidency.

Commodore Garrison was born in 1809, in the High-Like Thurlow Weed he became a cabin boy in a sloop on teamer was picking its way slowly up the Hudson. For some time Garrison was a carpenter in New-York City and then it occurred to him that he could build vessels on the lakes, which had not ransportation adequate to the new move ust remember that the first route to the West from the East was down the Cumberland Valley to Kentucky, and perhaps even Northern Georgia. The next route was across Pennsylvania to Pittsburg. The third was across New-York State to what is now Buffalo. Garrison as sisted to put the first four prominent steamers on the West had not commenced, but the tendency was rather Orleans. His steamboat, the Convoy, was, the finest of her day on those Southwestern waters, because New-York, as now, always taught style to the rest of the country. You can take a pock-marked girl in New-York and by style His word is as good as his bond. His education was im-

Garrison labored along on the Mississippi River, run ning a big steamboat and appearing to himself and friends to be the great Commodore of the great river. In his office as purser or clerk was a young chap named Raiston. Suddenly the Convoy burned up between Natchez and Memphis. Garrison knew of another steamer wich he could buy, he thought, and he secured all the different shares in this except one belonging to a poor cooper who live 1 in Mobile. He went to Mobile and found the poor cooper, who, impregnated with the spirit of the future Garrison, said: "I will not sell you my snare at all. You can work the steamer if you like, and pay me my portion of your revenue."

This incident changed the course of Commodore Garrtson's life. He is called Commolore because Vanderbilt got the name of Commodore in the desire of the news-papers of that date to give titles in order to give headines, and if there was a Vanderbilt on the east side of the Isthmus of Panama there must be a Commodore Gar when gold as a discovery was a great established nefact, not only in America but on the earth. [Gold coin had been getting scarce. It was understood that the new portion of the United States would fill the breach. (We had then loose banking, and bank notes might or might not mean something. The panic of 1837, which insted so long, was only twelve or fourteen years old. Garrison who was a Dutch boy from opposite West Point, went to Panama. It is said that he made there in the course of two years three-quarters of a million dollars. How could he have made it ! Unquestionably by forwarding pass engers, giving them supplies, doing their banking and forwarding their diggings.

hemisphere like this. It will often happen again, but it is to be hoped that with the cultivation through the press, etc., that men have, they will not rush to new diggings as they did at the close of the last generation, supposing that the gold coin lies on the surface of the ground to be wrestled for. Gold was discovered in California through the enterprise of the American settlers, not to find gold, but to found manufactures. Let the free traders think of this before they want to put at the head of our Government a Buffalo sheriff instead of a states-

man. The gold was found by laborers from Georgia, who knew something about gold from experience, at-tempting in California to open a mill-race. They saw certain particles in the excavation, perhaps illuminated by the water, and they said: "Surely this must be the gold we saw in poor old Georgia." Put to the test of their small experience, gold was developed. That made the magnificent rush of men to the Pacific coast which so much relieved the East and affected the exchanges of the globe. If gold had not been discovered in California, who knows whether gold would have remained the bot-

tom standard of men's exchanges ! California revolu-tionized the globe, and Australia helped California.

Gold, above all things ascertained by men, moves the nations and affects civilization. If California gold has seldom mounted above thirty millions of production a year, yet that was enough not only to put new channels of movement in our own race, but to steer the emigration of the world toward our Pacific shores. Therefore we bave in San Francisco a city incomparable on the eastern coast of that ocean. Our old statesmen laid down the rule that whoever owned the Bay of San Francisco would control the Pacific. In our day if a statesman had said that much he would have been denounced as unsafe, desirous of grappling with China, or Great Britain, or some other ghost; but the rough, hard American people of that time rather desired to grapple with somebody. They went and took the Bay of San Francisco and kept it from unfold collisions. At a later date the timid and conservative Seward, of New-York, paid a large amount of money cheap economists in charge of the presses on the Bay of

Raiston and Garrison, Fritz, Kelly, Donohue, became some of the early bankers of California. This word banker is a delusive one. You sometimes hear a mother say in the midst of company, about her son: "My son shall be a banker." A banker is nothing but an exchanger, a shrewd correspondent who, having credit and confidence. amasses enough money at a given point to establish at distant points his own credit. This might be done by a poor cider-bottler and cake-baker like Stephen Girard. The banker is very apt to be the man who, keeping out of political complications, remains like the Quaker, true to the paper he issues and what he accepts. In a very little while these steamboat men who went to the Pacific coast Adams Express Company failed near that time, and Wells, Fargo & Co. also failed, and those individual bankers who kept up their good name profited by the good report. Garrison became the agent on the Pacific coast of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and he also became a factor of insurance companies in the East, and he claims in the sketch of his life published in the Annals of San Francisco, that his salary about 1852 was \$85,000 a year. No wonder that our best blood was drawn into ommerce and away from the concerns of the Government when the salary of an almost obscure commercia factor was more than three times that of the President of the United States. The question we are to look into is whether a President with less than one-third the salary of a commercial agent might not be ied into temptation.

I was passing through Fourteenth-st, one day last week and I saw two beautiful old private residences still remaining in the midst of the haberdashery there. stopped and said to a friend: "Look at those houses See how tasteful they look! The new residences up-town hardly compare with them in proportions, in subordination of decorations, in the accounting for every feature in the architecture." Said he: "Yes, I see them, and there was at least one more by their side a year or two ago, now " Yes," said I, " my friend, do you expect that old genteel architecturs can survive in such a powerful thoroughfare as this, any more than that stupid political biography can stand in the midst of such business movements as we have had since the war ! Those people are cools who expect their public men in the midst of a forceful business age to be just like the public men at the time when agriculture existed instead of commerce. Not only shall your strength be as your day, but your character wil be like your day."

A British gentleman said to me during the week: " I wish we had force of character and public opinion enough in London to have such railroads as these ele-vated ones of yours." Said I: "Is it possible that I see an Englishman who concedes anything i" "Why," said he, " almost every Englishman who goes home exclaims against our underground railroads. They are dingy. damp, subterranean, and here you ride to business with not a shadow falling on your newspaper, reading as yo go, and every handsome woman's face receives all the senefit of the sunlight, and you can look from one end of the car to the other and recognize your friends.

"We gave up noble streets for such a benefit." Yes," said he, "and that is where you are really young, strong Nation; you recognize the greater necessi ties in spite of the little decencies. You give your streets up for the benefit of the many instead of hesitating at the discomfiture of the few who may not like the noise. Said I: " My friend, along toward October and November you will see or hear movements and noises that will make you the very happiest kind of man if you belong to this hemisphere." "Yes," said he, "I understand; Biame is coming down the avenue."

I was talking to a Kentuckian yesterday, who said to President. Indeed, all through the South there's a very happy feeling toward Blaine. He is so easy to get acmainted with, so generous to see in necessity, so fond a his manly enemies, that if he should be elected there would be a wonderful movement and procession from the South around his inauguration. We do not torget that he came among us to teach school." I said to this gentle-What sort of people are your Kentucky moun taineers !" Said he: "They are the most courageous people in the world. They do not have the credit in the East of the East Tennesseeans, but they are a much manlier race. During the war they were nearly all After the battle of Shiloh and toward Chicka manga our poor Northern levies were awfully beaten ou and tired, when all at once there marched down from the montains of Kentucky one of the most magnificent regiments ever seen on this globe. It was composed of about 1.085 men. The colonel was Mr. Gulley. to us poor tired soldiers from the rest of Kentucky as if they were a whole army." Said this gentleman: "I call your attention to a report in the official army paper of that day, which says that such a corps attacked the Con-federate army on one side, and such a corps did the same on another, and the Confederate line was at last broken by this particular Kentucky regiment." said he," the Confederates had expended their for fighting the larger number of troops, but the record is no less the same, that this fresh Kentucky ragiment of mountain giants jumped on them at an unexpected place and drove them to the wall."

I asked one of our city Civil Judges whom I accidentally met last week why "Tim" Campbell commanded so much confidence. Said he: "Tim Campbell is a slave to entirely by Americans, a sort of sea-captain, shipbuild-United States. He was for a while in youth a type-setter. perfect, and they sometimes attack him because he slips throne of Holland. But a fear arises that Bismarck p a little on the President's English. Nevertheless. throughout his district he is considered a nobleman of nature. He is not afraid to recognize any person in the district; they all say that if Tim Campbell cannot secure an office when he promises, it is not because he has not tried with all his might."

Mrs. Hutchinson, of Washington, who lost \$116,000 by the fallure of Middleton & Co., was the daughter of an tron-maker in Baltimore. Her husband originated in achusetts. He had some pervous trouble toward the end of his life, and desired to distribute his property between his two daughters and his wife. The wife thought she ought to have control of the property at large. She pressed to collection a number of mortgages on real estate, and put the money into the bank, thereby enjoying sount in Washington. The bank slipped up, all the money disappeared, and the estate of Mr. was considered worth three-quarters of a million when he died is now reduced to the revenues on the real property. Good men are missed when they pass away.

Inquiry from an intelligent Englishman about the condition of affairs in the East shows that British India with all its alleged progress as our competitor, is in the most rotten condition as far as moral progress goes. The few British who can master that country sufficiently shows the absence of modern manhood among the people, and the British themselves who go there to live fall e natives are themselves mere dreamers and idiers. No Englishman goes to India to live with any idea of fending this days there. Costly railway systems elimbing into the far interior of the continent do bring out something which appears to come in empetition with us, but the eventual destiny of the country, if 't ever awakens to self-respect, is independence, and as long as it is not self-respecting it is no formidable competitor of a free nation. Trade through the British Islands is duller than it was ever known. The ne deep prayer weifing up from the English heart is free trade with America, so as to add our noble markets to the

It is said that the Shah of Persia has a \$400,000 pipe. Must have had considerable plumbing done on it.—[Buriington Free Press. THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

AND OTHER LESS REPUTABLE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, June 13.
The Prince of Orange, the news of whose death is hourly expected, was a complete antithesis of his elder brother, the gross, rubicund, beer-swiiling "Citron," to whose position of heir-apparent he succeeded a few years ago. The dying Prince has always been of a weakly constitution. His father's sins have been visited upon him in a manner so striking as to have filled the heart of the late Queen Sophie with bitterness. He had weak, poorlydeveloped bones, weak muscles, a weak vascutar system, weak eyes, a sickly, pale complexion, white hair and nerves that were always on edge. But his mind was active, and if he was too shy to be so ciable he loved tenderly the few intimate friends he had, and not only adored his mother but was her sympathizing companion. She was the only woman with whom he ever conversed freely. He had a bashful terror of the fair sex and kept aloof persistently from them. Since Queen Sophie died be tried to cheat loneliness by filling a green-house in which he sat with rare birds. He had a passion for ornithology, but, unlike most ornithologists, had an aversion for stuffed birds. The bird that was not the incarnation of joy was to him no bird. Its song, its light hop, its winged flight were what constituted its charm to him.

The Prince of Orange, though of studious habits and of a pensive and sensitive disposition, leved with passionate fondness his elder brother, whose death following so soon that of his mother gave a rade shock to his frait health and threw him into a state of gloom against which he was too weak to react He published a short time ago a kind of apology for the complete retirement in which he lived, a gamphlet in which, after unveiling his heart-sores, he recommended the Dutch people to follow the movement of the age and revise their Constitution in a democratic sense. Not that he had any personal sympathy with democracy. But he saw that he was the coming sovereign and he felt that protection might be found in it for the independence of Holland. The Prince by his weak nerves, refined tastes, delicate nature and birth, was aristocratic. But he saw that the spirit of the time was against hereditary privileges and that the Netherlands risked being Germanized through the extinction of his branch of the house of Nassau, if they did not get into the democratic current. He refused to be present at his father's second wedding and it is said (but of this I am not sure) he has never spoken to his stepmother nor seen his little half-sister, the Princess Pauline. Paternal sins are also visited on her in the form of a bad constitution.

The King of the Netherlands is a descendant of Catherine the Great of Russia and the Prince of Orange. Her ruling vice was inherited by his Majesty, who was the Sultan of a singing school for young girls, which he founded. His first passion was for Malibran, with whom he wanted to elope to Gretna Green, and in whose son, M. de Beriot, the accomplished planist, he has never ceased to take a paternal interest. Of the King's unacknowledged sons, one is a Baron and a landscape painter of talent, but a spendthrift and always in pecuniary difficulties. The Prince of Wales has tried to make him fashionable by going to visit his studio here. Another son is a journalist and Paris correspondent for an Amsterdam journal. He is, however, not depending for his living on his pen, and resides in a charming little villa at Passy with his pretty, simple-mannered and very tady-like Dutch wife. This gentleman is the image of the late Czar, to whom he was related through Catherine and the Prussian Royal family, a Prussian Princess having been the mother of the Prince of Orange who married Auna Paulowna, and an aunt of the wife of the Czar Nicholas, Emilie Ambré, was the last favorite of the actual King of the Netherlands, who filled her buffets with rare old Chinese porcelain and Delft. He cast her off when he determined to marry a Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. She succeeded Madame Musard, nee Cook, who deserted the King for his eldest son and finally went out of her mind. His Majesty gave her the Orange estate in America and jewels which rivalled those of the regula which the Empress Eugenie used to wear on State occasions. "Lemon" (Citron), as the late Prince of Orange

was called, was a low scamp. He had a coarse, bloated face and figure, and lived in a licensed lodging-nouse because if he had been in a habitation of his own his creditors would have seized his furniture. There was always a keg of beer on tap in his dining-room. He was very fond in the carnival of disguising himself as a waiter and serving to restaurants which remained open all night and were frequented by authors, artists. Bohemians and professionally gay beauties. The iffness of which he died (pneumonia) was rendered fatal by his incapacity to resist the temptation of gerting out of bed and running across from the Rue scribe where he lodged to the Bal de l'Opera. He remained there a quarter of an hour, felt ill and went back in the teeth of a sharp blast, was taken with a shivering fit, and then became delirious, This happened soon after the Sauterre adventure, the noise caused by which affected his bealth badly. He had been a lover of Mme, Sauterre but had got tired of her. She one evening wrote to him to meet her at a Boulevard theatre. Another hele apparent to the throne was with him, and seeing that "Lemon" was tired of the bady, offered to refleve him of her. So two Princes instead of one joined her at the Gymnase, and the one newly presented to her appointed to disc with her at the Col6 d'Orsay, from which she escaped (when her busband and a police commissary entered the premises to arrest her and her royal adorer) disguised as a pastry cook's boy. The Prince had "Lemon's" visiting card in his pocket, and on being asked his name handed it to the commissary, who felgued not to suspect the deception and did what he could to prevent the true name and title from getting out. As the Royal Dutchman had no character to lose, it did not matter if he passed for the hero of the adventure. He took this view of the matter himself and allowed the journals to say what they pleased. Nevertheless, the squibs they wrote had the effect of grating on his nerves, and by the annoyance they caused lowering the vitality of his used-up constitution. A Princess (failing heirs male) can ascend the

throne of Holland. But a fear arises that Bismarck has chosen to consider the Duke of Nassau as the next inheritor not only to the Duchy of Luxemburg but to the Netherlands. If he came to reign at the Hague he would be brought there by a German army and maintained by one. After Princess Pauline, who is in her third year, come the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Princess of Wied, both sisters of the King, and Prince Albert of Prussia, whose mother was Princess Marianne of the Netherlands. Frince Henry, the King's unclemarized a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia after he lost his first wife. He died six months after his second wedding of measles at his seat near Luxemburg, of which Duchy he was Viceloy. A will in which he left his enormous personal and other estates to his young wife was stolen, so that she, instead of being the richest widow in Europe, has only an income of \$48,000 a year. Prince Leopold wished to marry her, but she preferred not to be his sick-nurse and recommended the Princes Helena of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who was also spoken highly of by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The dying Prince of Orange suffers from typhoid fever complicated with phthisis in its primary stage. There are, it is said, other scious complications which render his recovery impossible. He is very low, constantly swoons, and is too weak to be lifted out of bed. A mechanical apparatus renders it easy to change his sheets without disturbing him. He diaily reads the bulletins which the doctors sign. out of bed. A mechanical apparatus renders it easy to change his sheets without disturbing him. He daily reads the bulletins which the doctors sign. The King has a nephritic affection for which he is taking the waters at Carlsbad. He is too feeble and suffering too much to go back to the Hague, even in a specially constructed car, to take a last tarewell of his son. The Prince of Orange is called Alexander, after the late Czar. He was to have followed the example of his father and grandfather in being graduated at Oxford. But the Queen his mother was too much afraid that his weak health would suffer by residence in an English university to let him go there. After she lost her son Maurice and saw that "Lemon" was hopelessly a black sheep, she clung to the poor Albino Alexander, and he to her. The Prince has lived since her death in a small brick house at the Hague. For years he has wintered in the South of France. His friends here were learned people and comprised members of the Guizot family, the late Comte d'Haussonville and the Orleanist M, Mohl, Queen Sophie's tutor, and M. Mignet. He has always shown strong patriotic feeling and took a patriotic pride in the history of He has always shown strong patriotic took a patriotic pride in the history of pendence and the part his family took in feeling and took a patriotic pride in the hi Dutch independence and the part his family liberating Holland from the Spanish yoke at ing it from passing under the domination